

Bad Dreams are Made of This *NEW* by lucifersden

Category: IT (1990), IT - Stephen King, Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: Bisexual Character, F/M, Gay Eddie Kaspbrak, Gay Richie Tozier, I'm Bad At Summaries, I'm Bad At Tagging, M/M, Minor Violence, Multi

Language: English

Characters: Ben Hanscom, Bill Denbrough, Dustin Henderson, Eddie Kaspbrak, Eleven | Jane Hopper, Georgie Denbrough, Jim "Chief" Hopper, Jonathan Byers, Joyce Byers, Lucas Sinclair, Maxine "Max" Mayfield, Mike Hanlon, Mike Wheeler, Nancy Wheeler, Richie Tozier, Stanley Uris, Steve Harrington, Will Byers

Relationships: Bill Denbrough/Eddie Kaspbrak/Richie Tozier/St Stanley Uris, Dustin Henderson/Maxine "Max" Mayfield/Lucas Sinclair, Jonathan Byers/Steve Harrington/Nancy Wheeler, Will Byers/Eleven | Jane Hopper/Mike Wheeler

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Summary:

This is my updated and new version of my previous book, titles are the same. The story is still not finished but the first few chapters are!

1. Chapter 1

Derry Maine,

"Ge-Georgie?" Bill's voice came stuttering from the group hug he was in. He removed himself from his friends with his eyes following the floating bodies. The kids turned in disbelief at the mention of the younger boys name. His friends began moving to give Bill the space to run between them to the small body. Beverly followed right behind him, not giving him a chance to get too far ahead. They both reach up grabbing the boys floating body, pulling him the rest of the way down. "Georgie?" Bill hugged his brother close and Beverly grabbed his arm checking for a pulse. She frowned before moving the youths head to the side and sticking two fingers to his neck. She was ready to tell them the bad news. Suddenly before she could think she felt it, a pulse. While it was light it was still there, he was alive.

"Bill." The boy turned his head to her expecting to hear the worse, that it was too late, he was too late. "He's alive" Beverly had a faint smile on her face with tears welding in her eyes. She was so worried about Georgie she didn't see the rest of their friends with them. Stan grabbed Bill's head and put their foreheads together, both with tears in their eyes. Stan raised his hands wiping the tears away

"We need to get him to a hospital," came Eddie's voice from Beverly's side. He looked over the body expecting the worse, after all Pennywise fed on fear and they all feared the unthinkable. Eddie seen his arm still attached, "that must have been another lie" he whispered under his breathe but Mike heard it raising his head, looking at him. They shared eye contact real quick before voice caught their attention.

"Bill?" It was quick, not even as loud as a whisper but off the cold stone walls it sounded loud. Georgie struggled to open his eyes. "M-my arm hurts," Richie moved over to the boy lifting his sleeve. Blood and skin peeled off stuck to his little yellow rain coat. His arm, while there, was a disgusting site to see. Beverly covered her mouth as Ben began to empty his stomach. "Am I okay?" The moment the words let his mouth he was out again. They looked at his mangled arm thinking of how to get him out, there's no way he could climb with

that arm. It was so bad they seen muscle and veins almost as if someone peeled his skin off to drain him of blood. Another small voice was heard in the distance they stood up looking around spotting Ben. He hovered over a body they couldn't see. Mike ran to him squatting down.

"And my mom, tell her I'm sorry." Came the girl who had her head in his lap. "My pet hamster, give him to a good home."

"Holy shit Betty Ripsom," Richie gasped in shock. Last he seen the girl was in the house when they seen maggot Eddie. He suspensions was right about one thing, the girls legs were missing. She looked like she had come out of a bad horror movie with crappy SFX. Scratches littered her face and body, like she had put up a fight. Bill picked up Georgie and went over to them placing his body down.

"It wasn't true." Betty began, "I didn't do it." They knew what she was talking about, the rumors. Henry and his ganged started a rumor that Betty and Belch went on date, had sex and then on their next date she let the gang run a train on her. Everyone heard the rumors, even her dad which made things worse for the girl. She knew following a strange man dressed in a clown suit was a bad idea. Anything was better than what was happening at school. She just wanted someone to believe her

"I believe you," Ben said wiping a streak of blood from her check. She whispered a quick thank you and smiled. Ben grabbed her hand as her eyes closed, going limp in his lap. Beverly buried her face in the back of Ben's neck as Mike got behind her rubbing her shoulder. Stan moved suddenly that drew their attention to him.

"Why the hell are you alive!" Eddie yelled, Richie pulling him back by his fanny pack. "Just great Patrick Hockstetter gets to live but Betty and Corian doesn't? This is ridiculous!" He was upset, out of everyone why is the bully being rewarded with life while good innocent people have didn't have that chance. The older boy had laid up against the pile of trash covering his head

"What's' happening? Who's dead?" Patrick asked hitting the side of his head. "Where's the zombies?" He asked swinging around with his hands barley raised in self defense. "Why are you here?"

"What in the hell are you talking about?" Richie asked confused. What zombies? It hit him then, "Pennywise, it was him. We will explain later" Stan lent a arm to Patrick to help him stand, the older agreed considering his leg was wrecked. They left the tunnels; Bill, Beverly, and Georgie in the middle. Stan, Mike, and Ben helping Patrick walk in front. Richie and Eddie was in the back. Richie sighed wondering how the hell are they suppose to cope with this? No therapist would help, Richie can't even afford new school clothes. Eddie looked over seeing that worrying look on Riches face and signed. He raised his arm cupping his hand around the boys neck. He flinched at first but relaxed into it, the two stopping. Eddie pulled him closer pecking his lips as Richie laid his head on his shoulder.

"You guys coming?" Beverly asked when they noticed the boy weren't following them. "We need help with Georgie." They turned a corner to the group, Bill wondering what to do. Eddie came with the plan to make a make shift baby chest holder out of their jackets and his fanny pack. It was weird but they managed to make it work long enough to get him up. Stan turned kissing Richie's forehead.

"I'm glad you didn't die." Stan said turning grabbing the rope beginning to climb. Richie was the last one to climb up. Only they didn't expect Henry to be blocking the door. He looked up with an unreadable expression, once he seen Patrick he smiled.

"Well, well, well look at this." Henry wiped blood from his lip. "When you disappeared I expected you died, but I see you was just getting some pussy." He flipped his switch blade, "tell me how you got her boy." Patrick pushed out of Stan and Mikes hold rushing the older boy down. "Patrick what are you doing son of a bitch"

"Fuck you and your bullshit!" Patrick managed to get on top of him and punch him, he turned back to the Loser. "Run now, don't look back." Henry flipped them over beginning to strangle him. "NOW!"

"We can't leave you, that's not us" Mike told him. He held Ben and Beverly close. "That's not us." Eddie and Bill was in the corner trying to to escape past the older boys fight. Richie raised the bat in his hand hitting Henry. They helped Patrick up and about to leave. Patrick pushed Mike out of the way feeling a soaring pain, time seemed to slow as Patrick and the Loser looked over him. A knife in

his stomach that was quickly removed and placed in again. Henry repeatedly stabbed Patrick in the same spot all while pushing the kids out the door, he locked it not letting them in. The last thing they heard before taking off was Patrick screaming please. Richie turned hearing a small 'beep beep' but to him it was louder than Patrick's screaming. Beverly grabbed his wrist and began pulling him. Running into the hospital like they did was probably a bad idea, the cop hanging in the lobby almost pulled a gun on them.

"Pl-please help my brother!" Bill managed to get out after breathing heavy. The officer grabbed the younger from them with a nurse running down the hallway after him. "We did it, he's here." Bill sat on the floor slowly getting into a laying position. The kids laid back until the police officer approached them. That officer also being Henry's dad.

"Your parents have been contacted I need to ask some questions. We can now or when your parents get here." They exchanged glances before agreeing to do it now. "What was you kids up at the Neibolt house for? We've had neighbors complaining about kids trespassing, seeing your current appearance I think it's safe to assume." He looked over the boys, spotting Beverly and smirked, "I get it now, that's your own business-"

"For a memorial." Beverly cut him off. She pointed towards Mike like she didn't want to say his name. "Their parents died in the fire there a couple years ago, it's the anniversary coming up and we wanted to pay our respects." Butch looked down making a noise like it was bullshit, which it was but they were sticking to it.

"It's true!" Richie said standing up. "Mike is our best friend and shouldn't suffer his lose alone!" Eddie put his hand on Richie's shoulder telling him to calm down, others were staring. Butch made a look of disgust at Eddie causing him to drop his hand. "We was placing flowers in their room and was going to light candles-"

"But we heard screaming." Ben said cutting him off, Richie was making a scene. "We went into the basement and found the well, we thought it might of been an animal. We went and got a rope from my house and climbed down. Stan got separated and attacked by some dogs that came from the sewage drain." He pointed at the boy who

had blood still pouring from his head.

"Holy shit boy, nurse!" Butch shouted, just noticing the wounds. "Get this boy a doctor!" The nurse with the nametag Mabel walked up to him helping him in a wheelchair rolling him. She entered a room with the door closing. He turned to the kids. "Continue."

"We heard more screaming and found Patrick."

"Hold up Patrick? Patrick Hockstetter? Debbie's kid she reported him missing a month ago."

"He was badly hurt, looked like someone ran him over sir." Bill said managing to keep his stutter away. "W-we couldn't carry him. We said we'd be back-k-k." Butch grabbed his talkie and sent a car to the area. "Georgie was with him, B-Betty and Coriaa-n too. They were g-gone."

"You kids been through a lot, I'm going to check your story out and keep up with you. Have a fine afternoon." The kids made a map out leading to the kids bodies, he tilted his hat at them leaving.

"Bill honey!" Bill's mother, Sharon, called tripping over her purse strap. Coins pulled from her purse as her husband ran past her to get to Bill. "Where's Georgie?" She asked Beverly helping her gather her stuff.

"Mr. and Mrs. Denbrough your son is this way." Mabel placed a hand on Bill's shoulder leading them to his room. Bill looked back at the others and they nodded, they weren't going anywhere he knew that. Walking into the room Georgie sat up watching some cartoon, dozing off to sleep.

"Billy!" Georgie shouted, he was happy to have his brother back, he could care less about his parents being there. "Look at my arm!" He seemed excited about his cast, "I'm like bother Eddie now."

"Don't call him that." Zack said exchanging glances at the two. "Did you tell him to call your friends that?" Bill shook his head.

"Let it go hun," Sharon said hugging Georgie. "My baby is back." She started crying happily as the nurse smiled and left the room. Sharon

sighed wiping her eyes, Zack slapping Georgie's leg causing him to yelp. "Where the hell were you! The rumors that started, you wouldn't believe! People thought we murdered you."

"I-I'm," Georgie tried to explain his father cutting him off.

"You stop that shit right there. We already got this fuck up here and we don't need another. Speak straight." Zack wrapped a hand on Bill's shoulder patting roughly.

"My boat went in the drain, I tired reaching for it but couldn't. There was some old man down there he killed a bunch of kids. There was so many!"

"Bullshit." Zack sighed. "Kids and their fucking imaginations, admit you just got upset because we wouldn't let you two share a bed anymore. Fucking sake."

"But it's the truth!" Bill ran to his brother slightly shoving Sharon's legs to the side when he ran into them.

"He's telling the truth. Ask sheriff Butch he's at the old Niebolt place getting the bodies now." Georgie grabbed Bill's hand. It wasn't weird, he didn't see anything wrong with it. His mommy and daddy held hands in public. He holds hands with mommy. Bill holds Stan and Richie's hand, why can't he hold his brothers hand? "He said he was coming back!" Bill's shouting drug him out of his thought looking up. A doctor walked in the room asking to speak to Sharon and Zack alone, they existed the room. "N-no matter what s-s-stick to that story." Georgie nodded, he knew what was happening without him saying. Zack walked back into the room with his head hung down.

"We got some stuff to take care of, you can stay here tonight." He shut the door, opening it again, "Sorry." Was all he said before seeing them walk away. Stan sighed laying his head back against the wall.

"My head hurts," he groaned watching all their parents outside. "Thank god my mom is here." Richie smirked, he was on the floor between the boys leg with his head laying back. Mike was leaned up on one shoulder, Beverly on the other.

"I haven't heard you say thank god to anyone but me." The kids groaned at Richie's lame attempt at a joke. He just wasn't feeling it.

"Beep, beep Rich." Eddie said from his spot on a chair with Ben sitting at his feet, head on his knee asleep. Richie shot forward a bit ruining the positions they were all comfortable in. Mike felt him tense his shoulders to his neck. His eyes popped out of his head.

"Don't ever fucking say that to me again." Richie didn't bother to make eye contact, he didn't even bother to stay. He got up running to the bathroom wiping his eyes. The loser's exchanged glances before Beverly ran to the bathroom going in and locking the door. Ben snuck and wrote a out of order sign, sticking it on the door so the two would be undisturbed.

"Well we straighten things out with your parents." Butch said coming into the hospital. "I want you all to be checked before you can go. Your friend Denbrough is staying the night we advise the same for you. Eddie your mother insists to have you hospitalized in a safe room to yourself tonight, that's up to doctors ordinance. Marsh and Tozier's parents never showed." Beverly came back apologizing saying she was in the restroom. "I contacted social services to relocate you to live with your aunt. We found your father dead, I'm sorry for your loss Miss. Marsh. Now for Tozier's we all know why they aren't here, am I right?" Butch chuckled as their parents did the same. The kids exchanged glances. Now that Stan thinks about it, he only met Richie's parents once. He just assumed they worked all the time. Eddie only seen his mom three years ago when he was picking Richie up for a science project, she was covered in bruises and looked like she had a rough day. He guessed that, that's probably why all their parents hated them to be around Richie. Maybe his dad was abusive, Richie did have a black eye that day even though he said Henry done it. Henry hadn't been seen for a week during that time.

"What about Patrick?" Mike asked, his grandpa releasing the hug he held his nephew in.

"Patrick was there, bled out. Sorry kids." Bill's parents came from the hallway, all the adults went outside, "You can see your friend now." The kids was in shock on the way to Bill's room. Beverly opened the door.

"Hey guys!" Georgie smiled, "you must be Beverly!" He never met her before but Bill told him about her. Bill smiled looking at them but dropped it.

"W-where's Richie and Stan?" Eddie mumbled they was in the bathroom. "What's wrong?"

"Patrick died saving us." Ben said looking down. "Sheriff said he bled out." The kids didn't know how to react. The boy bullied them but died for them? How are they suppose to feel? Stan laid against the door waiting for Richie to come out of the stall. He didn't expect something so small to set him off. They've always said beep beep to Richie, why did it bother him now? Richie came out of the stall with his glasses off. He had a thin layer of sweat on him rubbing his eyes.

"What?" Richie asked, his voice raised a bit. He noticed his tone and lowered it, "sorry. I'm fine just thinking of some shit." He put his glasses back on reaching to unlock the door, Stan grabbing his wrist.

"Talk to me. Please." Stan knew Richie blew stuff off easily, he liked pushing his problems off until they went away. "Please." He sighed and unlocked the door holding it open for the smaller. "Let's see Bill and Georgie." Richie asked the nurse the room number and they walked in. The group glanced and them, Stan only shook his head. Richie wasn't going to talk about it.

2. 2

Hawkins Indiana

The wind picked up as Mike smiled looking at his hand intertwined with El. Will and El had called him wanting to meet up. Of course the love sick boy said yes. Between his mom running him with chores and covering for Nancy dates he barely has time to see them. He noticed El looking past him to Will, the two smiling.

"You should be the one to tell him." El's voice sounded like it was caught in the wind. Coming softly from her mouth almost making it impossible to hear. Her smile seem to slowly smile as the wind picked up, almost feeling like they were stuck in a tornado. Will nodded his head, voice coming quieter than hers.

"We talk about it," Will's voice seemed to just get swept away in the wind, "we want to break up." Mike dropped his smile looking at the ground. He should've seen this coming, did he hurt them some way? Did he do something wrong? All he could think about is the times his mom bashed him for never being able to keep people happy. He made his mom and dad mad all the time maybe it was his fault.

"What did I do?" Mike asked with tears clouding his vision. "Did I do something wrong? I'm sorry, I can change it. I can fix it?" He felt his windpipe feeling to close, it was hard to breathe. He needed help, their help but couldn't seem to ask. "I don't know what to do without you guys. You're the only think that makes living worth it for me."

"Sorry, but no." Will said. "I was never into guys I just didn't want to be alone. Now I have El." The two hugged looking down at him on his knees. "I'm not a faggot, I'm not like you." A pain, that's all he could focus on. He grabbed his chest holding onto whatever he can, a hand wrapped around his neck forcing him on his back. He grabbed the hand trying to remove it.

"I felt sorry for you, that's all it ever was. Pity. You disgust me, I used you. You're nothing but trash to me now." El said her hand raising higher, jerking him off the ground. Mike grabbed his throat kicking as the two stared at him with dark eyes.

"I can't breath El, please." Mike begged kicking his feet. The wall behind him seem to vanish as he felt like he was being dragged. He looked to Will wanting to ask for his help but stop. Who was that next to Will? Where was his face? El started coughing, blood coming from her mouth. She coughed in her hand watching the blood. 'She's laughing, she actually laughing.' Mike thought. The body next to Will vanished as the boy stood there, dead stare. He watched as blood started pouring from the boys nose.

"We don't love you." They both said as wind stopped, everything standing still. A laughed filled the air, Mike was frozen. El coughing blood on the ground before her, laughing seemed to get louder. He wanted to scream, to help them. They hurt him, but he still loved them. Why did he feel like this? Where was Nancy or Steve, even Johnathon; he needed them. The laughter stopped. Nothing happened, just pure quiet.

"Boo." Mike jumped at the voice behind him, moving from his spot. Mike screamed backing away from a man? A clown, yea a clown. Where was his head, why was half gone? What did he want? The clown laughed as Mike backed into El and Will, both standing there frozen. "Heya Richie, how are you?" Mike stopped screaming now confused. "Bet you thought I couldn't find you huh? Don't run I'm coming! When I get my hands on you, you'll regret it!"

"I'm n-not Richie." Mike barely got out. Whoever Richie was, he did not want to be him.

"What was that Richie?" The clown smiled laying on his stomach kicking his legs, mere inches away from him.

"I'm not Richie!" He shouted pulling his foot from the clowns hand. A tentacle grabbing El and Will behind him. "Whoever he is, I'm not him."

"Didn't anyone tell you lying is bad Richie." The tentacle tightened with El's body exploding. "You boys made a mistake." A thumping sound came from behind him, he felt a breeze behind him. Will's head came rolling past him. The clown grabbed his head and dropped it in Mike's lap, his hand shot through Mike's chest pulling his heart. "Beep Beep Richie." Mike's eyes closed watching his heart turn to

dust.

"Mike WAKE UP!" Mike's eyes popped open and jumped from the bed after hearing Will shout. Mike backed away bumping into someone's legs. He looked up seeing Nancy and jumped behind her.

"Stay away from me!" Mike shouted seeing El get close to him. Nancy turned around grabbing his head softly. "What's happening?" Nancy's eyes softened.

"You had a bad dream is all. It's okay, you're safe." She said hugging him, he hugged back tighter than he might have meant too. He looked behind her seeing Johnathan and Steve, both holding some sort of stick as a weapon. "Guys it's okay." She said signaling the boys to go back to bed.

"What the hell is going on in here?" Ted, their dad, asked. "It's three in the morning." He glanced at his watch. "Everyone shut up and go to bed, Nancy we'll talk about those two in the morning." He nudged his head at Steve and Johnathon. She sighed watching him go back to his room.

"I'm sorry." El's voice came from his bed. "I was trying to help." He shook his head slapping himself a few times.

"Are you okay now?" Will asked from his spot. He didn't want to move and risk upsetting him. Mike nodded holding his chest. "You started having a panic attack, we didn't know what to do."

"Please sit down." El moved to Mike's desk so he could sit on the bed. "I'll stay away, promise." Nancy felt him stiffen up in their hug. She patted his back.

"No," Mike said letting his hold on Nancy go, "that's the last thing I want. It's just-" The tears he has been holding finally fell. "Please be real, please don't leave me." Mike started sliding to the ground, Nancy going with him. Will and El glanced at each other before joining them on the floor.

"What did you dream of?" Nancy asked holding Mike's head against her chest.

"I don't want to talk about it, not tonight." Will went and got a cup of water from his and Nancy's bathroom bringing it back to him. "Thanks."

"Was it the upside down?" He shook his head. "I'm going to talk to Steve and Johnathan about tomorrow," she kissed the side of his head getting up. "Goodnight guys." She ruffled Will's hair shutting the door.

"Do you hate me?" Mike's question threw them off guard.

"What?" El asked surprised.

"Do you hate me?" He asked again. The two looked at each other.

"Of course not." They both said looking at him. He let out a breathe of air lowering his head to his knees.

"Is this about your dream?" Will asked watching Mike nod his head. "Wanna talk about it tomorrow?" Another nod. "Mike we love you, we'd never do anything to hurt you." A knock on the door came, Johnathan opening it.

"Everyone okay?" He asked watching them in the floor. They looked at him nodding. "Will mom wants us to help clean up for the barbeque tomorrow evening, after breakfast we gotta leave."

"Alright." Will said, the three of them getting off the floor. He shut the door softly going back to Nancy's room.

"Are they okay?" Steve asked Nancy in his lap, head on his shoulder. "Must've been about the upside down." Johnathon shrugged sitting next to them grabbing Steve's hand.

"Mike said it wasn't, I never seen one this bad before." Nancy said pulling her hair into a ponytail. "Even when he dreamed of the upside and shared El's dreams it wasn't half as bad as this. I'm worried, what if mom and dad done something when I was g-"

"Hey, hey calm down." Johnathan said holding his forehead against hers. "If that was the case Will or El would've said something." Nancy took a deep breath nodding.

"I guess." She closed her eyes looking at her bedroom door. "You got to be fucking kidding me." She pushed off Steve's lap opening the door, Karen stumbling inside a few steps. "Mom that's gross stop." She sighed rolling her eyes. She pulled out a cigarette lighting it up. Inhaling she looked at the boys whose hands were still together. They pulled away as Nancy tried pushing her out. "Mom you have to stop this. It's disgusting."

"What's disgusting is this." Karen said flicking ashes on the bedroom floor. "At first I thought it was some kinky threesome shit, but this is gross." She said pointing where the two boys sat. "This is my house, you stop this or you leave. I'm telling you this little girl." Karen pointed her cigarette in Nancy's face. "You leave, you are never welcomed back here again, that means no Mike, no Holly, nothing."

"Do you really mean that?" Nancy asked looking down, she couldn't risk losing her family she loved, she didn't want to lose either of her boys. She moved hair from her face. Karen made a look of sympathy rubbing Nancy's face. They looked at each other for what felt like hours.

"Of course I do." Karen said grabbing Nancy's hair pulling her head. Jonathan and Steve jumped up, but Nancy stopped them.

"No, don't," they nodded but Steve still headed slowly to his bat in the corner. "I'm not scared of you anymore. I'm not a kid and I will never leave the kids here with you, even if my life depended on."

"You're so dramatic." Karen said letting her hair go blowing smoke in her face. "Shut up, you're as annoying as your father." She flipped the cigarette and put it out on Nancy's shoulder. Nancy pulled back hissing.

"Get the fuck out of my room or I'm telling dad about you having sex with Billie at the pool."

"You wouldn't." The two glared at each other, Johnathon standing behind Nancy looking at her shoulder.

"I would, he's been looking for an excuse to leave and this would be it. No more money, house, or car." Karen looked at the three

stomping off to her room. Johnathon reached out to shut the door seeing Will, El, and Mike. He signaled them with a finger to his lips. Nancy didn't need to know they heard that, she didn't need the stress. Mike quietly closed the door.

"Please don't tell your mom Will." Mike whispered. "If she knew then you wouldn't be able to come over anymore, and I can't lose you."

"I won't, I can't lose you guys either." Will said, his head laying against Mike's shoulder. "I honestly don't think I could handle not coming over. It's the only way to not watch mom and Hopper kissing." He said in a joking tone. Mike laughed lightly.

"Let's lay down for the night. We can check on Nancy tomorrow." El said. "Is it okay to sleep here for tonight?" Mike nodded his head moving closer into her. "Love you." She kissed the top of his head.

"Love you guys, goodnight." Mike said feeling Will's arm over top of him.

"If you have another bad dream let us know." Will said.

"Promise." He ruffled Will's hair laying on his back. He's glad it was just a dream. Mike felt his eyes closing and things getting darker. A movement at the foot of the bed caught his attention.

"Goodnight Richie." The voice said, Mike sitting up rapidly.

"What's wrong?" El asked cause of the sudden movement.

"Nothing thought I saw something." She nodded them laying back down. Whose to say if Mike even went to sleep, all he knows is that he did not want to be Richie; whoever he was.

3. Chapter 3

Derry Maine

The group let out a sigh as the medication finally put Georgie to sleep. They wanted to talk about Richie's freak out earlier but left it alone. Eddie laid asleep on the other bed next to Stan, the two cuddled up. Beverly laid across two chairs, Ben sitting beside her, his head on her stomach. Mike stood out in the hallway talking to his grandpa, who wanted to stay for his grandson. Bill and Richie sat beside each other neither saying a word, hands still holding one another.

"So what's going to ha-happen to Beverly?" Bill asked. The girl had no where to stay and he was bothered by the idea of her sleeping in a police station. "She said you two t-t-talked about it?"

"Yeah," Richie sighed rubbing the back of his neck. "My mom will be gone all weekend and dad has work so she's gonna stay a few days until social services come to get her." Bill nodded, he wanted to ask why his parents didn't show up but decided against it. If Richie was hiding something he would end up cracking and telling them eventually, he always does. The door opened Mike and his grandpa walking in.

"That's Bill and that's Richie." Mike pointed to the two, their hands separated. Beverly woke up moving Ben's head. She went to the bed waking the other two up. "That's Bev, Eddie, and Stan. You know Ben." Ben smiled at the man with a slight wave.

"Hi Mr. Hanlon." Ben got up sitting in a chair, patting for him to sit beside him but he declined.

"I just want to thank you all." Leroy said. "Mike is the only family I have, I'm grateful for him to have met you all." The man patted his grandsons shoulder. "I was surprised when he told me about you three." Beverly and Ben froze, did he tell them? Is he going to hate them or take Mike away? "I don't understand it but it makes him happy so it makes me happy." Beverly smiled and Ben let out a sigh he was holding in.

"Thank you sir."

"No, thank you." Leroy smiled shaking Ben's hand as Beverly rushed to hug the man. "I better get going, someone has got to feed Cujo." He hugged his grandpa one last time before he smiled and left down the hall.

"Who's Cujo?" Eddie asked wiping his eyes.

"My dog." Mike sat next to Ben putting his head on his shoulder. "Are you guys mad? I love my grandpa and didn't want to hide it from him."

"I'm surprised he liked me." Beverly said sitting on the bed laying Stan's head in her lap. "The rumors-"

"He doesn't care." Mike cut her off. "He said you can't judge someone based off of other peoples words. He wanted to get to know you both, I had to tell him about you leaving though. Maybe tomorrow you can come to dinner?"

"I'm staying with Richie until social services come." Richie cleaned his glasses.

"Nah go ahead, mom doesn't leave for work until 6 anyways and she pulls a night shift. Dad gets off at 5 but pulled a double last night. He'll be out all day." They looked at the boy, again confused as to why his parents never showed. "What, why are you all watching me?"

"Where-ere was your parent-ts today?" Bill asked.

"Dad's at work, mom was heading to work. Why?"

"It's nothing." Stan cut Bill from answering making a hand motion.

"Why is everyone having an eye contact talk without me? Did I do something wrong again?" Eddie seen him stiffen up, he does it too when his mom yells at him. He knew it all to well.

"You're not in trouble, you asshole." Eddie said, trying to make it sound light hearted but it came out more aggressive.

"Oh, sorry about that." Richie apologizing was a weird sight. The eye glances got worse.

"Mr. Tozier?" A nurse walked into the room. "You have a phone call on line 3."

"Ah thanks." He sighed picking up the phone, nodding towards the nurse. "Hey." He mumbled keeping his voice low as to not wake up Georgie. "Yes," a women's voice was heard, "I can't tonight officer Bowers said he called and told you." He looked up seeing his friends looking at him. "Just a minute." Richie opened the door the cord catching between the wall and door.

"Be quiet." Bill said moving to the door sitting out of Richie's sight line. He motioned Beverly over, she crawled on the floor. They could barely make out the others words (only Richie can hear his mother)

"Mom calm down." Richie said looking around for any nurses or bystanders. "I can't leave, Bowers dad said I couldn't leave until tomorrow."

"That's absolute bullshit, I need someone here. I'm having company over and I need your father distracted."

"Please don't do this now. We found a bunch of shit and I don't think I can cope with going home right now."

"What do you mean you can't cope? That's a shitty excuse. We had a deal."

"Okay, tomorrow morning I promise." He pulled the cord from the phone, sighing and pushed the door opened. Bill was sitting by Georgie's bed and Beverly was laying on the ground. They panicked not knowing he was coming in. "I broke the phone." Richie said holding it up, he placed it on the holder. "Man I'm beat let's hit the hay." Richie said jumping on the bed with Stan and Eddie, "I call middle!" Stan groaned laying back down while Eddie stared at the phone. "Eds I don't feel myself being cuddled."

"Don't call me Eds." He sighed laying down. Everyone laid down getting comfortable. Not long Ben moved to the end of Georgie's bed.

"What do you think the sheriff meant when he said 'we all know where Tozier's parents are' is it some kind of adult joke?" Mike shushed Ben signaling to him.

"He's a sleep it's okay." Eddie said. "I don't know, but it's weird his mom calling the hospital. Why didn't she just come here?"

"You know I don't think I have ever seen his parents, even when I stayed the night as a kid." Stan said. Him and Bill used to spend the night at Richie's house and the three would sneak to Eddie's house. "I don't know maybe he's just embarrassed about us being his friends? I mean it wouldn't be the first time he shoved me out of his house when his dad got home from work." A snore rang through the room causing them all to look at the glasses boy.

"Let's get to sleep." Bill said from his spot next to his brother, the two sleeping in his bed. Richie sighed internally, he didn't hate his friends. That was far from the truth, he was embarrassed of his parents. He couldn't tell them what was going on, he couldn't tell them the job his mom has or his dad's drinking issue. The door opening caught the kids' attention as a nurse walked in.

"Sorry kids I have to check his vitals, the cafeteria is open for breakfast if you want to eat." Patty, her name tag showed, said. "We'll bring your brother out once he wakes."

"Excuse me Miss." Eddie said gaining her attention. "Our friend with glasses and curly hair, have you seen him?" The group noticed Richie was gone.

"The Tozier boy?" She asked while they nodded. "His father came this morning and got him. He left a note for a Marsh."

"That's me." Beverly said, the nurse pulling a note out giving it to her. The kids headed to the cafeteria. "It just says he'll wait for me at the cross walk when I leave Mike's." She shrugged it off putting the paper in her pants pocket. "Mike can I borrow some clothes when we get to your house?"

"Yeah, of course." Mike said as they went through the line getting their breakfast. They sat at a table eating as the nurse brought

Georgie in a wheelchair.

"Bill!" Georgie smiled as his brother hugged him. "I missed you."

"I mi-missed you too."

"Where's Richie? He was here last night?" Georgie loved Richie almost as much as he loved his brother. "Is he okay?"

"Of course he is." Beverly smiled at the boy. "His dad got him this morning."

"Oh." The group noticed the boys frown. "I hate his dad, he's mean."

"You've met Richie's dad? When?" Eddie asked. How did he meet him and his own partners haven't? It was a weird situation.

"Haven't you?" He frowned, "he wasn't very nice and called Richie stupid." Georgie started playing with his cast. "Richie said he was joking but he sounded like how dad does when Bill stutters." Bill looked at his brother, he told him not to tell their friends about that. Eddie turned towards Bill at the head of the table.

"You said your dad stopped making fun of you for that."

"I-I didn't want you-u guys to worry." Bill rubbed the back of his neck as his brother apologized for saying it. "It's fine." The group separated with Beverly and Ben heading to Mike's house for dinner. The three boys stayed walking to the park, Georgie on Stan's back as Eddie and Bill held hands. They made it to a tree sitting the younger down. He wanted to play in the sand so Bill set with him making sure to put a bag on his arm cast.

"Do you think Richie's embarrassed of us?" Stan asked picking lint from his pants leg. "I mean we act like we hate him sometimes as a joke, but does he maybe think we actually hate him. Like does he hate us because we made him think we hate him?" Eddie shrugged his shoulders leaning back on the tree. Bill just made a grunt sound continuing to build his sand pile.

"I don't think that's it." Georgie said moving sand into Bill's pile. He attempted to make a castle. "Richie loves you, he told me. I think it's

like with dad. He probably doesn't want his daddy to catch on or that's what he told me when he walked me home before everything happen." The older boys looked at each other deciding it was getting late.

"W-we got to get home Georgie." The younger hopped on Bill's back as they started to take their separate ways. Stan and Eddie's houses were the same way so they walked home together, spotting Beverly waiting at the crosswalk. They seen the girl and waved.

"Just like Richie to be late." Eddie said squeezing Stan's hand a bit tighter. Stan knew Eddie was joking, they all had different ways of coping. Eddie's was just making jokes that didn't sound like jokes. They made it to Eddie's house. "I'd invite you in but my mom would freak."

"I don't think your mom even wants me on your front porch." They shared a small laugh, Eddie hugged him. Stan held on for a moment that seemed to last forever. "If you need anything I'm a call away. My mom loves you."

"Well I love your mom too." Eddie cringed, "I sounded like Richie there for a moment."

"It's how he copes with pain." Stan and Eddie laid their foreheads together, Eddie knew the moment he went in his house chances are no one would see him for awhile.

"I know." Eddie smiled, they went to lean into one another when the door opened. Stan stumbled off the porch while Eddie's mom grabbed his arm.

"Eddie I don't want to see you around this faggot every again. Get inside." Sonia said trying to drag him in.

"Mom stop." Eddie pulled lose stepping off the porch. "Go back inside, we can talk about your bullshit lies in private."

"Get away from my son." Sonia completely ignoring Eddie's voice. Stan wanted to step away he didn't want things turning out worse. Eddie reached behind him grabbing Stan's head throwing a quick

look over his shoulder. Suddenly Stan was okay with being in the way.

"I know about the pills mom." Eddie managed to finally catch her attention. "The pharmacist told me that they were sugar pills. I'm not sick, you are." He felt like crying, all these years of being held back because he thought he was sick. He never had a reason to not trust his mom, but he always felt something was wrong. "I know about the sleeping pills, god. You're truly an asshole. Drugging your son for years just so you wouldn't be lonely. I missed so much of my life because of you!"

"Honey we can talk inside." Sonia said trying to shush him. "What have you filled his head with?"

"Nothing mom, no one had to tell me." Stan squeezed his hand tighter showing him he wasn't leaving. "Mom, I'm gay and I'm not sorry for it. I'm not sick, all I want is for you to be a normal mom and love me for who I am not for who you tired making me."

"Eddie this gay phase will be over after you hit puberty. I don't know what happened in those tunnels but you are not gay. Maybe I shouldn't have ran away that Marsh girl and maybe you would understand w-"

"Mom!" His frustration got the best of him as tears fell from his eyes. "Beverly has been more of a mother figure to me than you have my entire life, I love her and respect her. Do not speak of my friends like this." He had to get what he wanted to say off of his chest, if his mom hated him worse than so be it. He was tired of hiding himself. "Mom I'm in love with Stanley. I'm in love with Bill and as much as I hate to say it I'm in love with Richie. If you can't understand that, then whatever but I'm not hiding it anymore." Sonia stood at a standstill, she didn't know how to respond. She raised her hand smacking Eddie.

"You are the single most disgusting piece of shit I have ever seen." She looked to Stan. "And you, you better get out of here before I truly do something to make sure you never come around here again."

"Mrs. K please I love Eddie. I don't want to lose him, I don't want to steal him from you I just want to be in his life." Sonia looked at the

boy grabbing Eddie's wrist pulling him towards the door.

"I don't want to go inside mom!" Eddie tired pulling away, Stan grabbed his arm and pulled him back they both fell to the ground. Sonia turned around reaching for something behind the door. "Stan, run!" He pulled the taller one until he got up and started running. "She's not joking about hurting you." Sonia hopped in the car chasing them down.

"This way." Stan pulled him by his shirt to the back fences. They jumped gates and yards reaching Stan's back door. He grabbed the key from under the mat and opened the door for them. "Mom!" He yelled slamming the door.

"Oh hi Eddie, would you boys like something to eat?" Andrea, Stan's mom, asked with a smile. It went away when she seen how the boys looked. "Is it bullies again?"

"Eddie's mom. She's trying to hurt him." Stan said holding his chest, he wasn't going to mention she's after him because his mom would lose it worse.

"Go to your fathers office and stay there until I come." The boys nodded running into said room. They sat down crawling under his desk. They heard screaming from downstairs. Eddie grabbed Stan and covered his ears. Ever since the tunnels his ears became more sensitive.

"Is that her?" Eddie asked pointing at the painting of the woman.

"Her names Judith." Stan said, Eddie kept him talking to keep a panic attack away. "I don't know why I was scared of her for."

"She's gone. He's gone. We don't have to worry about her." The yelling seemed to die down as a car door shut. Stan's dad was home. The boys snuck out of his office and into his room. "Do you think your dad will make me leave?"

"No, mom won't let him." They ended up in the closet for who knows how long. All they know is the fighting finally died down and his mom was knocking on the door, the sun had already sat.

4. Chapter 4

Hawkins Indiana

The sun began shining between the curtains in Karen's room. She sighed as she lit up a cigarette, pushing her hair from her face. She glanced at her husband, after last night she wanted some sort of physical connection after seeing her daughter have not one but two guys. She wanted to be in the same situation, being with attractive young men. After changing into some day clothes she decided to check up on the kids, mainly to spy on Nancy and the boys. Karen heard movement from downstairs and knew Nancy was up, she was always a early bird. The bedroom door was wide open, the shower running. She looked around before walking up to the bathroom door that was cracked open. Steam from the shower came rolling out from the room as she peaked in through the mirror. Steve was stepping out of the shower, towel around his waist. He went to get another towel when he noticed Karen in the mirrors reflection, he reached over shutting the door. Karen huffed heading towards Mike's room, the kids still asleep. Mike had El on one side cuddling him with Will on the other side, head buried in his chest.

"Disgusting." Karen practically spit at them. She turned around heading towards her room bumping into Steve, he didn't make eye contact and just went on to the Mike's room. She went to her bedroom closing the door opening the dresser pulling out a bottle of pills. Steve shook Will awake first letting him wake the other two. The four headed downstairs watching Nancy and Johnathon fix waffles.

"Your mom was watching me shower again." Steve started grabbing a waffle leaning against the counter. "I shut the door on her."

"I'm sorry." Nancy began. "I don't understand why she's so obsessed with watching you guys shower." El sat on a bar stool grabbing a plate of waffles Nancy had set out for her, digging into them. Mike grabbed the orange juice from the fridge pouring him and Will a glass, El preferred apple. "Mike do you wanna talk about last night?"

"I guess," Mike was hesitant on telling them. He felt like it wasn't just another bad dream, it felt more than that. "We was on a date." Mike started talking about Will and El. "It was weird, everything was fine I don't understand what went wrong," he paused taking a drink of his juice and avoiding eye contact, "there was wind sounds but no wind. Like nothing was being blown by the wind but it was there. I couldn't really understand what was being said but I heard Will voice call me a faggot."

"Mike, I would never say that to you." Will said putting his hand on the other boys.

"I know, I know." They paused their talking as Karen and Ted came downstairs. Ted looked at the kids and waved grabbing the morning paper off the porch. Karen grabbed her keys from the chair side leaning to give Ted a kiss.

"I'll be back later me and the girls are going to water aerobics."

"Have fun." Ted said dismissing her, focused on the paper.

"Mom, a word." Nancy said looking at her parents. Steve told her to leave it alone. "I saw you watching Steve in the shower, you need to stop. I know the girls are busy today and you're going to meet up with Billy. Keep it up and I'll tell dad." Karen stepped up pressing her into the table top.

"Keep your mouth shut." Karen hissed at her, she turned towards Mike, "I'll be back later my angel." Mike strained a smile and wave. Things went silent for a minute before Nancy went to speak. Mike held a finger telling her to not speak.

"Hey Mikey a moment." Ted's voice came from the back door. Mike excused himself walking into the living room. The ones in the kitchen stayed quiet and listened to the hush voices. Mike came back in the kitchen and sat down as the back door closed.

"Where's dad going?" Nancy asked pouring a cup of coffee for Johnathan.

"Dads been sneaking out drinking with his friends when mom leaves."

He told me not to mention it to mom and I could have the guys over at anytime now." Mike cut pieces of his waffle shoving it in his mouth. "Me and Max seen him drinking down town at the old warehouse."

"Why was you at the warehouse?" Steve asked, he didn't like the idea of the kids hanging around down especially not with drunk adults.

"Max wanted to take scrap metal and build a skate ramp."

"Back to your dream." Nancy interrupted. She was worried about him even if he looked fine, there was something off about him.

"Oh, yea, that." El cupped her hand around the back of his neck, she knew it comforted him. "There was this guy in the dream, or I think he was a guy. He was dressed like a clown, a really messed up one. Half his head was missing, it looked like how one of those creepy glass dolls aunty has in her basement." He shuddered remembering the creepy doll eyes, how they always seemed to move with you. "He kept calling me someone else, I think he thought I was that kid. He killed Will and El." Nancy gave a sad smile placing her hand on his.

"It was a dream." Johnathon said, they all had dreams like that about the upside down. It may have not been that bad, but they understand.

"That's the thing I don't think it was." El looked at him. "I mean it was like I was actually there, he seemed to know me. They anger he held was practically a cloud behind him. I don't think it was, I don't. Whoever he thought I was is going to be in serious trouble. I don't know why he chose my dream, but he's not just a dream." They stayed quiet for a minute hearing a car door shut, the front door bell ringing not long after. Steve opened the door finding Joyce and Hopper, she side hugged the boy.

"Ready to go boys?" Joyce asked, Johnathon's car had a flat so Steve picked them up last night. "Where's Karen and Ted?" She asked watching her sons grab their bags.

"Dad went out drinking and mom went out cheating." Nancy looked at her brother a bit shocked, yea of course Joyce knew about how Karen was. For him to admit it to Hopper was a bit of a shock.

"Well figures," she gave them a sad smile. "Oh yeah, do you guys need a ride to the BBQ tonight?"

"I got them." Steve said smiling at her, Joyce was like the mom he never had and she loved him as one of her own. In fact she loved all of her kids friends, many of them had to grow up too quick. Hopper went out to the car starting it up, Steve and Nancy kissed Johnathan bye as Will waved at Mike and hugged El.

"We'll meet at the park here in two hours." Will whispered as she nodded. After Mike's dream they decided he needed to do something to clear his mind and make him happy. They decided they were going to the mall and look for him a present while he was with the other boys and Max. Will hopped into the car in the back buckling in. "El and I are gonna meet at the park in a couple hours, we're going to get Mike a present."

"I thought his birthday wasn't till April?" Hopper asked as he turned to the left, they were heading to the grocery to get food for later.

"It's not but he had a rough night so we wanted to get him something to cheer him up." Joyce smiled at her son, how did she get so lucky to have two great sons with great friends and partners. Will was practically bouncing with excitement he had so many ideas what to get for Mike. After they finished shopping Joyce and Hopper dropped him off at the park, he sat by a tree waving at them. El and him was just gonna walk home afterwards. He pulled out his sketchpad laying it on his lap, looking around to see what to draw while waiting. Before he knew it his hand seemed to move on its own. He didn't know what he was drawing, but he just went with it.

Mike and Eleven

El was watching the clock thinking of different things to get Mike. She wanted to get him something that would make him feel better, but she didn't know. She paced a bit before sitting down.

"Hey Mike." El said getting his attention, Nancy and Steve was watching tv while the two was sitting on the porch. He made a small hum while running his fingers through the dirt. "Will and I are meeting up to go shopping later, is that okay?" Mike seemed to tense

for a moment.

"Yeah, you don't have to ask me." El stared at him until he started cracking, "I'm just worried you won't come back. In my dream you wanted to leave me and so did Will and I'm scared." She moved closer holding his head on her shoulder.

"We won't leave you Mike." He nodded. He knew that it's just still buried deep in him, but he knows they'd never hurt him on purpose. The two laid in the grass side by side for what felt like hours, which in a way it sort of was. She stood up hearing a beeping inside, it must've been the alarm Nancy had set for her. "I gotta meet Will, I'll see you at the BBQ." Eleven was walking down the street, something felt off to her. She knew it like the back of her hand but she felt like something was wrong. As she was walking she felt like someone was standing behind her. She turned around bringing her hand up, no one was there. She brought her hand down and continued to walk.

"Help me." Eleven stopped it sounded like a little boy. "Please don't leave. Help me." She looked down at the sewer drain. There was movement inside.

"H-hello?" Eleven asked. She got on her knees looking in.

"Please it's dark in here."

"How did you get in there?"

"My boat fell in here. My brother made it for me, it's very special to me."

"Do you have your boat?"

"Yes but now I'm stuck." A small hand reached out from the opening. "Please help me." Eleven grabbed his hand.

"Alright hang on." She pulled the boy slightly, she saw the boy's yellow raincoat. "I got you." When the boy was about halfway out she noticed that he wasn't from around here. She never seen him before, then again she didn't know a lot of people. The boy seemed to be getting jerked back in.

"Don't let him take me!" Eleven held the boys arm. She could feel herself being pulled into the drain with him. She stuck out her hand trying to hold onto something to allow her to stay in place, it didn't work. She got pulled in and let out a short scream before it felt like she was falling. Everything was black but she could still see the opening of the drain. Her back hit the ground as the breath left her body. She closed her eyes, the last light disappeared.

Mike

Mike watched El leave before going inside. Nancy had dozed off to sleep on the couch, Steve was still watching tv. He sighed before landing on the chair Ted was in earlier.

"Something wrong?" Steve asked, god he sounded like a dad.

"I'm just bored, everyone is out doing something."

"Why not go to Dustin's house?" Mike perked up.

"I forgot they were meeting up for the BBQ thanks Steve." Mike stood up going to the back door to get his bike.

"Bring a jacket." Steve said as Mike stepped out, he turned around pulling his coat off the hook putting it on, Steve smiled at him. He rode to Dustin's house seeing Max's skateboard and Lucas's bike in the front yard. He knocked on the front door with no answer. Hearing something outside he went around back seeing the three playing with a stray dog.

"Hey." Max said once noticing him there. "Where's the others?"

"They went to the mall. Figured I'd come hang with you guys and wait till tonight." The four started talking and played around with the dog. It was cute, Dustin was going to ask his mom if he could have it, she'd probably say no. Mike smiled at his friends but noticed that Lucas seemed tense. "What's wrong Lucas?" The boy looked over at him, he was laid up on the porch.

"I had a pretty bad dream last night, it was kinda messed up." Lucas rubbed the back of his head. "I was living in this house and it caught on fire, my mom and dad were trapped in a room. I kept trying to

open the door but the handle was too hot and burnt my hands. They kept screaming 'help us we're burning' I just haven't been able to stop thinking about it."

"I had one too, not like that but scary."

"The worst part is when I woke up my hands were actually burnt, see." Lucas held his hands up showing how red his palms were. Small water blisters covered his hands.

"I told him he probably showered with too hot of water." Max said. "As for your bad dream, they probably have nothing to do with one another. I have them every night, probably not as bad as yours but still."

"But I told you the clown was the worst of it." That caught Mike's attention. "It was real."

"No it wasn't. It was a bad dream." Dustin said.

"Was half of his head shattered?" Mike asked causing the three to look at him. Lucas nodded. "I saw him too. He killed Will and El in my dream and said he was coming for me. He kept calling me Richie. I don't even know a Richie."

"Bullshit, come on don't feed into it Mike. He's just mad that I stayed the night with Dustin and not him." Max said.

"I'm not mad about that." Lucas looked away. "He kept calling me Mike, said I would constantly have to deal with killing my parents. That it was my fault."

"But it's not, it's not your fault." Dustin said. He looked at his watch. "We should go head to Will's the cook out is soon. Will and El should be back by now." The three grabbed their bikes, Max sticking her skateboard in Lucas's backpack and standing on the back of his bike. They headed off down the road none noticing the red balloon tied to a sewer drain.

5. Chapter 5

Derry Maine

Beverly sighed sitting on the side walk, she was at the meeting place so where was Richie? She should've asked the boys if they seen him earlier but she didn't think of it. Beverly was about to walk to his house herself when she seen him, he looked like shit. His hair was a mess, his shirt looked like it was covered in dirt, he was soaked in sweat.

"I know you didn't want to leave me waiting, but you're soaked and dirty. What the fuck happened?" He panted for a second before answering her.

"Mom came home from work earlier and blackout outside, had to drag her in." Beverly looked at him, out of all the lame excuses. "I'm here now, let's sneak you in. Don't expect much." The two walked to his house holding hands, after everything with Pennywise they all was afraid to let one another go. Richie peaked his head inside the back door motioning Beverly to follow and be quiet. She seen a man half dressed asleep on the couch. He was covered in ashes and beer cans littered the floor. She guessed it was his dad, seeing the state of the house he probably didn't do much. Richie cleared a path of clothes off the steps letting Beverly pass him.

"Richie is that you?" A woman's slurred voice came from one of the rooms.

"Quick." He grabbed Beverly's wrist pushing her into the coat closet, she looked around seeing the state of the room. It was by far worse than the living room. There was a pile of blankets in the corner and a hot plate, it looked like someone was living in here. Only light coming from under the door and the cracked side window.

"Why are you home?" Maggie asked, Beverly could tell she was drunk or coming from a high. She felt bad about thinking Richie was lying. "I told you to not leave and you did. You're lucky that pig is asleep or I would scream."

"Mom please sit down you're bleeding again." She looked in the cracks seeing Richie lead the woman to the kitchen, she slid down to the floor lighting what looked like a blunt. "I'll fix dinner in a second okay, let me put the clean clothes away." She seen Richie's face, like he didn't want to be here. Just from her short time here she regrets making fun of how shitty he always looks. "Come on." He whispers sneaking her out of the laundry room. "Second door on the right." He grabbed the clothes pushing them into what she guessed another bedroom. "Sorry for the mess, I told you not to expect much." She was surprised to see Richie's room was somewhat cleaner than the rest of the house. "If you need the bathroom it's that door, mine is separate from them. I'm going to cook food for mom and dad, if anyone comes up hide in my wardrobe."

"Alright." Beverly watched him walk downstairs and heard a man's voice, she guessed his father woke up. She walked to the window looking at Bill's house, sure you could only see the roof but it was close. She wondered what Bill and the guys would do if they seen the state his house was in. Richie pushed his glasses up quietly closing the door, he sighed. Sneaking back downstairs he seen his father was gone from the couch and laid against the wall for a second. He knew there was no way of avoiding him but he didn't want Beverly to hear anything. Maggie looked at Richie from around the corner making eye contact, his father standing in the kitchen with his pants down. He hated seeing his father treat his mother this way, he hated that he treated both of them this way. He knew if he would walk away it'd be him later, or if he ignored them and started fixing food he still takes the chance of it being him.

"Is everyone okay with chicken?" Richie asked avoiding his mom's staring eyes. Her knees were pressing into the ground Richie could hear a popping sound when she shifted around. He went to walk past them, but his dad, Wentworth, reach his hands out grabbing the back of his shirt pulling him into his side.

"Where did you go? I told you not to leave." His hand went into Richie's hair pulling it till his head leaned back.

"W-we was out of detergent and I needed to do laundry." He hummed ignoring Richie's word. Richie hated being this close to him, he looked away as his dad pulled out of Maggie's mouth and released on

her face. Wentworth finally let him go as he went to the fridge grabbing the chicken. Wentworth went outside starting the car up.

"I'll be back later." Richie sighed putting the meat into the pot of water.

"You're dealing with him tonight." Maggie said going to the living room turning the tv on. Richie placed his head against the wall taking a shaky breathe. When his dad got like this, there was always a later tonight. He didn't want Beverly here but he wasn't going to kick her out. It'd only be a day or two at the most, then he could go back to acting like everything was okay.

"Food's done." He placed the plate of shredded chicken on the small coffee table. "I'm going to put clothes up." He had another plate in his hand, they didn't have enough for all of them so he only fixed for three. He opened his bedroom door not seeing Beverly so he went to the wardrobe not seeing her, a slight panic spread through him. The toilet flushed and Beverly shut the door behind her, Richie placed the plate on the bed. "I fixed you some food, I done ate. I gotta fold some clothes and then I'll be back I'll leave the door opened it's just us and mom." Beverly nodded watching him go to another bedroom. She had so many questions to ask him, but she didn't know when was the right time to bring it up. Walking was heard on the stairs before Richie came in pushing Beverly into the wardrobe.

"Rich I made a mess." Maggie whined coming in, she had shed her pants and was left in her panties and tanktop. "Help." She went pulling her hair into a ponytai, sitting on the bed. He sighed going to the bathroom and getting a small make shift first aid kit.

"Here." He helped her as she slid into the floor, once seated he opened the box getting out a rag and a bottle with clear liquid. He poured the liquid wiping the cuts on her arms and legs, Beverly saw the white trails on her face and covered her mouth. There was no way Richie didn't see that happening. Maggie hissed putting her hand in Richie's hair.

"That hurt you little shit."

"Sorry." He had no reaction and Beverly about broke. Why did he

never tell them about this? Why was he keeping it a secret surely the boys would understand and help him. Did he not trust any of them, including her, to help him? Maybe Stan was right when he said Richie probably secretly hated them. "Anywhere else?" Richie asked her sighing softly, he knew Beverly would want answers. He didn't want to talk about it, but knowing the girl she would force him too. Maggie turned around facing her back towards him, he could already see the bruising around her neck. He helped her remove her shirt and started patching up the same cuts. There was some major bruises but she'd be fine. "Please stop provoking him every chance you get. You're gonna get yourself killed."

"You should be more appreciative to your mother." Maggie said in a harsh tone that made Beverly sad. A mother is suppose to protect their child, making sacrifices is apart of being a mom. Why would she want her own son to be the punching bag? Beverly knew how hard it was to escape and leave abusive situations, hell she even had to kill her father to be free. "Say it." Richie sighed.

"I'm a sad excuse for a son."

"Damn right." Richie grabbed a wrap and brought it to her arm covering a large cut that looked like it was done by Maggie herself. After he was finished, Maggie stood up and stumbled out of the room slamming the door. Richie forgot Beverly was there until she came out of the wardrobe and hugged him, his breathing was picking up.

"Hey Richie it's okay I'm here." Beverly said holding his head against her shoulder. "Wanna talk about it?" He shook his head no. If he didn't it was fine but she want answers. "Does your dad hit you too?"

"I said I didn't want to talk about it." They moved to laying on the bed, Beverly sat eating the chicken he brought up earlier. He knew they didn't have enough to feed all four of them but he wasn't going to tell her that. He has spent days without food so he's use to it. "Did I ever tell you I was adopted?"

"No, you were adopted?" Things started making sense, Richie looked nothing like her.

"Yea when I was a baby." Beverly finished eating and sat the plate on

the bedside table. "My birth mom, my mom's sister, had twins. She wasn't ready for three kids, she had another before us. She decided to get rid of me because my mom couldn't have kids. The doctor told her I wouldn't live past age 5 because of difficulty with birth, but I guess they were wrong."

"You have a twin, have you ever met him?"

"No but what I heard from my mom, he's the better one. She wishes she would've got him instead."

"I wouldn't want anyone else but you." Beverly smiled at him, the two holding hands looking up at the ceiling. "It's getting late, I'm calling it a night."

"Alright." Richie grabbed a blanket from the bed and laid it on the floor. She looked over at him.

"You can sleep up here with me." He nodded getting up on the bed. It was silent for what felt like ever when Richie heard the front door open. He glanced at Beverly and got out from under the covers. She felt him leaving and woke up. "What's wrong?"

"Nothing." He heard the sound of keys jiggling at the bottom of the stairwell. "Dad came back from the bar and he forgets to close the door, stay here." She nodded as he opened his door exiting. He sighed knowing that if he didn't go down now, his dad would come up and he didn't want to put Beverly in any danger. Sure enough the front door was left wide open. Richie looked on the couch seeing his dad laid out with his eyes closed. Hopefully he was already asleep. He closed the door lightly and put the chain in the holder. He went to sneak back up the stairs.

"Richie is that you?" Wentworth asked from his spot, he didn't bother to get up. He knew that once Maggie was asleep she was nearly impossible to get up, and Richie was a light sleeper.

"Yea, it's me." He motioned the boy to come over to the couch, patting next to him.

"Sit down." Richie really wasn't in the mood for this, all he wanted to

do was go back to bed with his friend before she was gone for good. Wentworth laid his hand on Richie's knee and squeezed it. "When's your little friends going to stay again?"

"They aren't." He didn't bother to respond to Richie. "Their parents hate you." Richie always told his mom to stop arguing and let things be, but he didn't even follow his own advice. He felt the hand move up his leg before it moved to his shoulder. He stood up trying to run around the couch to get away but Wentworth done knew what he was going to do.

"You aren't running away this time." He pressed Richie into the back of the couch with his weight. Richie lowered his head, he hated when his mom abandoned him to deal with his dad. She knew what he does to him but still says he deserves it. He tired to stay distracted once he felt the air hit him, he knew it was better to just let go and dissociate rather than to try fighting. It was going to happen either way, but sometimes he likes to think he has a chance of getting away. He remembered the time when he came home from school and his dad tried then, he locked himself in his room for an entire day before his mom came home. He thought she'd help him, to keep his dad away, but instead she opened his door and let Wentworth go. He stopped wanting to trust his mom, but no matter what he still defended her and loved her. It's what he's expected to do. Richie grunted and squeezed his eyes shut when he felt Wentworth enter him. His leg was pulled up some and pressed into the couch arm. "Shut up."

"Please." He hated begging, he hated it. His dad responded to begging and he wanted things to already be over with. He needed to get back to Beverly, what if she's awake by herself up there. What if his mom woke up and found her asleep in his room, his bed? He felt more pressure in his thigh as the movement started. "Just please-" Wentworth grabbed his hair pulling his head back.

"I said shut up." He pushed Richie's head down against the couch not letting him move his head. He opened his eyes knowing he was crying, but he didn't need to know that Beverly was at the foot of the steps watching. She covered her mouth with tears grew in her eyes. Richie closed his eyes again, he would deal with it later. "It's okay, daddy's got you." He felt the pressure leave his leg as his dad

stumbled into the kitchen. He fell to his knees not ready to face Beverly. He knew the girl wouldn't judge him, but he didn't know if she'd rat him out to the boys.

"Richie." Beverly whispered his name crawling over to him. She grabbed his face with a hand on both cheeks and placed her forehead on his. "Let's go now." He pulled away from her grabbing his shorts and pulling them on. He kept shrugging away from her but she didn't let it bother her. She locked the door once in his room. Beverly grabbed a chair from Richie's desk and put it under the handle. She glanced at Richie before going into the bathroom and running a sink full of water. "Come on let's get cleaned up." She reached a hand down to him on the floor, he just moved her hand and stood up himself. He sat on the toilet lid and took his glasses off. Beverly knew that he only takes his glasses off around people he trusts.

"Go ahead." Richie mumbled as she was wiping his face.

"Go ahead what?" She brushed across a brush on his shoulder, it looked new but not recently. She didn't want to stare long and make it seem like she was judging him, which he already thought.

"If you're going to make fun of me go ahead." Beverly stopped trying to brush his hair back, but he flinched away.

"Richie look at me." She placed his glasses back on and kneeled in front of him. "I love you and would never, never make fun of you. This isn't a funny situation and if anyone makes fun of you then that's on them. No one deserves this, no one and you defiantly don't. Richie I've been you, you know that. You never made fun of me and I can't say how helpful it was to me that you and the guys cared about me." She placed a hand on his cheek. "Let me run you some bath water." She exited the bathroom coming back with a pair of clothes coming back.

"Towels are in there." He pointed at a small space built into the wall. Beverly ran the water and helped Richie sit down. She grabbed a cup sitting on the floor and began washing his hair. "I can do it myself."

"I know, but I also know that you don't want to ask for help." Richie washed himself off while Beverly made the bed, she was too worried

to sleep earlier. She knew Richie said stay upstairs but something seemed off and she knew that. He got out of the tub and got dressed before coming into the bedroom, heading straight for the bed.

"I don't want to talk about it tonight please." She nodded her head and motioned him to lay his head on her chest.

"We have to get my stuff from the apartment tomorrow, we can talk before the boys show up."

"Please don't tell the others, not right now."

"I trust that when you're ready you'll tell them, I'm going to be a call away." The two closed their eyes and stayed in each others arms for the rest of the night. The sound of the crickets came from outside made it peaceful and for once the both felt safe.